

The Charlotte Journal.

"Perpetual Vigilance is the Price of Liberty," for "Power is always Stealing from the Many to the Few."

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The last illness and death of Gen. Zachary Taylor.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin gives a most interesting and thrilling description of the illness and death of President Taylor, containing as it does, many facts only slightly alluded to heretofore.

HIS LAST ILLNESS, ETC.

After describing the fit at attack of disease and the subsequent efforts to relieve, with the sending for Dr. Wood and Col. Taylor, he says:

By this time, (the morning of the 8th,) the disease had made rapid encroachments on his frame; but by the united skill of these eminent practitioners, the visible stage of the cholera morbus was soon after checked. However, fever ensued; and from a remittent character, it took the form of typhoid. Anxiety now began to manifest itself, not only among the exalted patient's family, but among the physicians themselves. His chances of life hung upon a thread.

Meanwhile, there were other causes, besides merely eating and drinking, that operated fatally upon his system. To his medical attendant, on the 8th, he said, "I should not be surprised if this were to terminate in my death. I did not expect to encounter what has beset me since my elevation to the Presidency. God knows that I have endeavored to fulfil what I considered to be my duty. But I have been mistaken. My motives have been misconstrued, and my feelings most grossly outraged." He alluded, doubtless, to the slavery question, and the manner in which he had been variously assailed. Even the sanctity of his sick chamber was invaded by certain Southern ultraists who came to warn him that unless he took some necessary steps to protect the South, they would vote a resolution of censure on his conduct in the Galphin business. I repeat merely what I know to be true. On the 5th Messrs. Stephens and Toombs waited upon him, as a committee appointed by an ultra caucus, to remonstrate upon the same subject and according to facts since developed, the interview concluded with a threat similar to the above. It was not until after his illness of the 4th, and the conference of the 5th, that the mind of the President seemed so markedly oppressed, and which called forth the remarks just given. From this forward, his mental suffering were equal to all his physical.

But to proceed. Towards the evening of the 8th, the chronic type of dysentery which had set in, disappeared, and vomiting ensued. Dr. Johnson, of Philadelphia, who is eminent in these branches of treatment, was telegraphed, and a reply received from him that he would arrive last evening; but, alas! too late to be of service.

The condition of the patient was now at its critical point. The sick chamber restored to solemn silence, attendants placed on the outside, and none permitted to enter except the physicians. The family of the President, with Col. Bliss, and other relatives of the deceased, occupied a room adjoining the sick chamber, and were endeavoring to overcome the grief, and refusing even the indulgence of necessary repose. Balleys were hourly sent out, to inform the masses of the changes observable in the patient, but these so slightly varied for the better, that all hope of his safety was dispelled at eleven o'clock. From that period until daylight, the utmost anxiety prevailed.

The night dawned, but gloom still surrounded the Executive mansion. Thousands began to flood the avenues leading thither, and throughout the day a messenger was kept posted at the main-doors to answer the interrogatories that were incessantly poured upon him. At ten o'clock, A. M., a report circulated that the President had rallied—at one P. M., that he was dead. The consternation created by the latter rumor was happily relieved by an official bulletin at half-past three, that the crisis had been passed, and that he was then beyond immediate danger. Bells rang for joy, and even the boys in the streets lit bonfires, and shouted in childish gratulation. The stream now to the White House was greater than ever, but about seven in the evening, the pall of gloom again shrouded all faces, for it was announced the illustrious hero was dying.

I will not attempt to describe the commotion that ensued. Mrs. Taylor thrice fainted from excess of apprehension, and Col. Bliss who had never shed a tear perhaps upon the battle plain, wept like an infant. At five—two hours previous—the physicians refused to administer any more medicine—considering his case hopeless, and in the hands of God. The Heads of Department, corporate authorities of the city, diplomatic body, and officers of the army and navy, paid their respects often during the day, and seemed to entertain lively feelings of solicitude for his safety. Everything that could contribute to the comfort of the sick, thenceforward, was extended; but the sands of life had run out, and his hours were numbered.

At nine, the vomiting partly ceased, as all pain had disappeared about four in the afternoon. But the system had wasted under the shock, and gradually sunk beyond recovery. Green matter was thrown from his stomach at intervals until 20 minutes past ten—that peculiar coloration of bile that indicates the dissolution of patients thus seized. At thirty-five minutes past ten, his wife and other members of his family were called to his bedside, to receive his last earthly adieu—a farewell even the stoutest could not gaze upon without a tear. It must be remembered that this was a domestic life; and his beloved partner, ignorant as himself of those fashionable formulas which under the husband from the wife, felt for the first time the lone-

liness of a bereaved heart, and understood nothing of that rigid discipline that would have dictated to her, "Go and weep in solitude—society decrees it." Her abandonment and grief were truly heart-piercing.

THE LAST MOMENTS.

At a few minutes past ten, as I have said, it became apparent that the soul of the hero and conqueror was about to take its rest. The medical yielded to the spiritual agent, whose office it was to prepare for the approach of the King of terrors. But there was nothing in the conduct of the sufferer to indicate that he feared the mortal leap. In the secret communion of his heart with Heaven, who can say that he died not a Christian? After prayer, he seemed refreshed, and called for a glass of water. He then inquired of Dr. Weatherspoon how long he thought he would live, to which the latter replied, "I hope, General, for many years;" but thinking this a useless deception, he added, "I fear not many hours." "I know it," was the response; then after nursing a little while, he asked for his family. They were sent for, and soon entered. The interview was indescribably affecting—Mrs. Taylor prostrating herself at the bedside, and her children clinging around her with sobs and groans expressive of their agony. The pain, which had afflicted the patient in the side of his chest, ceased; and attended by other symptoms of ease, it was thought he might endure till morning. But he himself knew better, and so declared in a quite audible voice. He was asked whether he was comfortable. "Very," he replied, "but the storm in passing, has swept away the truck." Finally he adverted to the subject of his previous broodings—the slavery question—and observed, "I am about to die—I expect my summons soon—I have endeavored to discharge all my official duties faithfully—I regret nothing, but am sorry that I am about to leave my friends." These were his last audible words. He essayed to speak to his wife a few minutes before his demise, but his voice failed him. Dr. Weatherspoon administered a stimulus, but it was powerless in reviving his functions. The soul of the hero had fled.

Congestion of the brain and stomach began at half-past eight o'clock, so that no earthly power could stay the fatal result which has plunged the nation in mourning. The unceasing attentions of his medical advisers deserve credit, and their skill is unquestionable. It is believed, however, that had the mind of the President not been laboring under embarrassment and affliction, proceeding from causes named, the disease could have been checked, and his life saved. But now that he is gone, it is vain to speculate. One succeeds him, whose sensitiveness is not quite so keen, because intimacy with all the trials of politics, and therefore possessing fortitude sufficient to withstand them.

Those surrounding the dying President at the moment, were his own family, including Col. Bliss, Col. Taylor and family, J. H. Mason, Davis and family, Vice President Fillmore, several Senators and members, several members of the diplomatic corps, the cabinet, Benton, Coolidge, Hale, Wood, Weatherspoon, and a number of intimate friends. Without the mansion, the grounds were literally covered with an immense multitude, who continued to linger in groups until after midnight, scarce crediting the intelligence, though officially announced.

Gen. Taylor died without a struggle. It was a kind of sinking into eternity, without feeling its pain, or experiencing its horrors. When all was over, the chamber was cleared until the undertakers had concluded their duties. The body was encased in ice, and ordered to remain where it was until this morning, when it was finally rolled for the grave, and laid out in state in the East room. Thus ended the melancholy siege of disease against a strong bulwark of nature.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE FUNERAL.

"Can this be death?—then what is life or death? Speak!—but he spoke not." Wake!—but still he slept. But yesterday, and who had mightier breath? A thousand warriors by his word were kept in awe; he said, as the Centurion said, "Go; and he goeth;—some, and forth he stepp'd. The trumpet andingle till he spoke were dumb;—And now nought left him but the muffled drum!"

When it became our melancholy duty, nine years ago, to record some account of the obsequies of the lamented Harrison, we little thought that, during our brief remaining term of life, it would ever, certainly not so soon, be our lot to repeat the tale of another Presidential Funeral. But that mysterious roll of human fate written in Heaven, but slowly unfolded, line after line, by the morning hours of Time, has many things in reserve for us all, of which we little dream; and nations, like individuals, are sometimes shocked by the advent of calamities as sudden and unlooked-for as they are great. Such an event has befallen this youthful Republic; and no stranger who beheld this city during the last few days could doubt that some great and appalling stroke had fallen upon the community. The silent streets—the public offices, and even the private dwellings, shrouded in mourning—the national colors, wherever visible, displayed at half-mast, all told the story to the eye; while the looks of the people, the pause in public business, the rapid arrival of strangers, the groups collected in earnest conversation, or intent on public prints bearing their well-known badges of mourning, still more unfailingly impressed the fact upon the heart.

During the after part of Friday, the stream of people might be observed directing itself toward the Presidential mansion, while those who left it carried in their countenances an unusual gloom, and in their hands a leaf, a flower, a withered branch, to be treasured up as a memorial consecrated by its having once rested on the breast of ZACHARY TAYLOR. The body of the deceased President was on that day placed in the great East Room of the Executive Mansion, on an elevated platform, in its center, under a canopy of black, being deposited in a coffin covered on the outside with velvet and draperies of silver, and lined within with velvet also, and of the purest white. The shroud was of satin, and a white cravat was gracefully thrown around the neck. The countenance there exposed was one not to be passed over with a slight or transient gaze. It fixed every eye. It had three things impressively written upon it; upright, peace, benevolence, and peace. The face looked just as in life; frank, manly, simple, kind, with almost a smile about the mouth. On the coffin lay a profuse quantity of flowers and buds, which were continually being removed by the crowds who gathered from all quarters to contemplate the spectacle, and were so often repeated.

The FUNERAL was appointed for Saturday. The weather was cool, and the morning opened with a clear sky and a welcome breeze, both continuing throughout the day. Funeral salutes were fired at sunrise; all stores were closed; and very soon the sound of the drum was heard—the military were in motion, and the streets began to be thronged with horsemen and vehicles of all descriptions. The lines of railroad brought such trains of cars as are seldom witnessed for number, and all densely crowded. The city resembled some vast, alarmed and astir for a general move; and yet, with all the bustle and movement, there was mingled a prevailing quietness, a chastened abating from all tumultuous noises which remained one of the Sabbath.

THE MILITARY HONORS AND PROCESSION.

It was past ten o'clock before the ceremonies at the Presidential Mansion closed; and soon after, the procession began to move in the following order:

ORDER OF THE MILITARY PROCESSION.

Funeral Escort—in column of march.
Infantry.
Maryland Volunteers.
Volunteer Troops from other States.
Battalion of Volunteers from District of Columbia.
Firing Party, to be commanded by an Officer of the Army.
Two Companies of Volunteers from Washington.
Two Companies of Volunteers from Baltimore.
Battalion of U. S. Marines.
Battalion of U. S. Artillery, as Infantry.
Troops of U. S. Light Artillery.
Unmounted Officers of Volunteers, Marine Corps.
Navy and Army, in order named.
Mounted Officers of Volunteers, Marine Corps.
Navy and Army, in order named.
Major General Jones, Commanding the Militia.
Aids de Camp.
Major General Winfield Scott, commanding the Army.
Aids de Camp.
The Marshals of Washington and Georgetown.
The Committee of Arrangements of the two Houses of Congress.
The Chaplains of the two Houses of Congress, and the Officiating Clergymen of the occasion.
Attending Physicians to the late President.
Pall Bearers.
Hon. Henry Clay.
Hon. Lewis Cass.
Hon. J. M. B. Smith.
Hon. R. C. Winthrop.
Hon. J. McDowell.
Hon. Hugh White.
Hon. G. W. Curtis, Esq.
Chief Justice Cranch.
Maj. Gen. Joseph.
Com. Ballard.
Hon. T. H. Benton.
Hon. Daniel Webster.
Hon. Truman Smith.
Hon. Lin. Bayne.
Hon. S. F. Vinton.
Hon. I. F. Holmes.
Hon. R. J. Walker.
Major Gen. Gibson.
Brig. Gen. Henderson.

The Horse used by Gen. Taylor in the late war. Family and relatives of the late President. The President of the United States and the Heads of Departments.

The Sergeant at Arms of the Senate. The Senate of the United States, preceded by their President, pro tempore, and Secretary. The Sergeant at Arms of the House of Representatives.

The House of Representatives, preceded by their Speaker and Clerk. The Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States and its officers.

The Diplomatic Corps. Governors of States and Territories. Ex-members of Congress. Members of the State Legislatures.

Judges of the Circuit and Criminal Courts of the District of Columbia, with the members of the bar and officers of the courts. The Judges of the several States.

The Comptrollers of the Treasury, Auditors, Treasurer, Register, Solicitor, and Commissioners of Land Office, Pension Indian Affairs, Patents and Public Buildings.

The Clerks, &c., of the several Departments, preceded by their respective Chief Clerks, and all other civil officers of the government. Clergy of the District of Columbia and elsewhere. Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution.

Corporate Authorities of Washington. Corporate Authorities of Georgetown. Presidents, Professors and Students of the Colleges of the District of Columbia.

Officers and Soldiers who served in the war of 1812, and in the late war. Such societies and fraternities as may wish to join the procession, (to report to the Marshal of the District, who will assign them their respective positions. Citizens and strangers.

We enjoyed a favorable post for observation, having a fair view of both the civil and the military portions of it; and the impression was that of a solemnity every way worthy of the occasion. How the troops may have borne the criticism of an experienced military eye, we pretend not to know; to us, certainly, they appeared well-trained and soldierly in their movement, and neat, tasteful, and striking in their many different and con-

trasting uniforms. They were drawn up in line on the avenue, fronting the Presidential Mansion, with their officers posted in military order; and when the Funeral Car made its appearance, it was received with the highest military honors amid solemn sounds of martial music. The mingling dirges filled the air, and seemed impressively to chant to each other the poet's immortal strain,

"The path of glory lead but to the grave."

The "City Rique," or moving bier, which bore the mortal remains of the late President, was drawn by eight white horses, splendidly caparioned, each led by an attendant groom in white urban and corresponding dress. The car, large and elevated, covered with black, and hung round with festoons of white silk, was surrounded by a canopy, above which was seen the American Eagle, deeply shrouded, in fact almost hidden, in black crape. The coffin occupied a conspicuous position, and was fully exposed to view. But all eyes were drawn even from this solemn sight to one still more calculated to touch the feelings of a patriotic assemblage; it was the General's favorite horse, the far-famed "Old Whitey," so well known to every soldier who served under the brave old man through the perilous and glorious Mexican campaigns. He is a well made animal, of some fifteen and a half hands in height, in fine condition, and as it seemed, with a military air. On the saddle were the holsters and inverted spurs. Poor fellow! he stepped proudly; but how would his pride have been quelled, could he have known that he now accompanied his beloved master for the last time! Yes, Whitey! you are surrounded by soldiers, as you were wont to be; the cannon thunders in your ears; that is a familiar sound; and near you is he whose heart never turned back from the fight; but, alas! he has met, at last, a foe he could not conquer, and the hand that so often patting your neck and reined you a morning token of his loving care, is cold in death, and will never guide you more!

The military Escort was closed by Major General Scott and his Staff. The noble and commanding figure of the General-in-Chief, mounted on a spirited horse, and shadowed by the towering plume of yellow feathers which mark his rank, presented an object well calculated to fill the eye and to swell the heart with patriotic pride. He looks in better health than we expected, and promises long to continue to be the pride of the army and an ornament to his country. It is at once an elevating and a moving sight to behold such a Hero as Taylor followed to the grave by such a Hero as Scott.

The Procession extended nearly two miles, its rear being at the President's House when the Military Escort, which occupied more than a third of its entire length, had passed the Capitol. It slowly wound its way over the high grounds East of the Capitol, pursuing the broad and lately improved avenue which leads to the Congressional Cemetery. All the way along that distance, from the starting point to the place of interment, were stationed private carriages, horsemen, groups of citizens, families of children, and a mixed collection of expectant people, patiently waiting (many of them for hours) the coming of the mourning train. Every shady spot was availed of; but, these being soon occupied, as well as every window, roof, or tree that would command a view of the procession, numbers sat or stood in the burning sun, so great was the desire to witness the solemn spectacle.

Arriving at the grave yard, the artillery were posted on a rising ground, the troops drawn up in double line, and the coffin, preceded by the Clergy and attended by the Pall-Bearers, passed through the centre gate, and slowly reached the front of the receiving vault, which had been tastefully decorated with festoons of black, and was guarded by sentries to keep off the pressure of the crowd, which had already filled the enclosure. Here, the first being set down, the Rev. Mr. P. M. read the solemn and beautiful service for the dead appointed in the Episcopal liturgy; when the body was taken up and deposited in a place appointed for its reception, until it shall be finally removed to its last earthly resting place in the West where the remains of ZACHARY TAYLOR will be emphatically at home.

During the ceremony, as indeed during the whole march of the Procession, the utmost silence had prevailed. The eyes of the surrounding multitude were now directed to the tall and venerable figure of Senator Clay, whose appearance on such a spot, and in such an office, gave rise to many a serious reflection. They then turned, inquiringly, and with deep interest and solicitude, to the less familiar countenance of President Fillmore, who stood immediately in the rear. I was filled with solemn awe, and seemed to express a meek and becoming sense of that omnipotent and inscrutable Providence which had thus suddenly and unexpectedly elevated him self to the highest human dignity, while he struck down, as in a moment, the great and good man whose ashes were before him. Yet there was mingled with that native modesty which never leaves him, a serene firmness, equally characteristic of the man, and which seemed to a reflective observer to say that the resistless hand which had lifted him up, unsought, to so high and perilous a station, was as strong to sustain as to elevate. To that hand, as merciful as mighty, is he heartily commended by the hopes, the wishes, and the prayers of every virtuous American.

Thus has a grateful Nation performed its last sad duty, and yielded the latest of many well-earned tributes to the honor of ZACHARY

TAYLOR. Of the tears that have embalmed his memory many fell from eyes unwept to weep, and many from those whose relentless party ties, or whose stern convictions of political duty, placed them in the ranks of his decided political opponents. Opponents they may have been, enemies they could not be. So much obvious honesty of purpose, so much true devotion to the country's cause, so much unpretending but unyielding bravery, so much unaffected kindness of heart, united to so much manly sense and clear discernment, could excite the enmity of nothing that deserves to be called a man. If such a feeling could ever live, it is now dead—buried in his tomb. On that sacred tomb will flourish ever only the laurels of his military glory, mingled with all those milder wreaths of fragrant gratitude which are the meed of every social virtue.

NORTH-CAROLINA RAIL ROAD.

From the Carolina Watchman.

First Meeting of Stockholders.

Upon the motion of R. M. Saunders, of Wake, Hon. Duncan Cameron, was appointed Chairman of the meeting, and John B. Lord, Esq. of Rowan, and S. F. Phillips, of Orange, were appointed Secretaries. A good deal of the first day was spent in verifying the subscriptions and proxies. A Committee consisting of William A. Graham, George W. Mordecai and John A. Gilmer, with the two Secretaries, were laboriously engaged the whole forenoon of that day. At length Stock to the amount of near nine hundred thousand dollars being ascertained to be represented, a quorum to do business was declared, and they proceeded with the business required by the charter. Mr. Gilmer, of Guilford, submitted a plan for distributing the names of Directors along the line of Road, which excited an animated discussion; at length on the suggestion of the Chair, a Committee of ten were selected to report upon the basis of distribution and the manner of selecting the several directors. The said Committee reported the plan submitted by Mr. Gilmer, and it was adopted by the corporation. It is seen from the localities of the several directors elected. The following Directors were chosen, viz:

Wm. C. Means, Cabarrus county.
John L. Shaver, Rowan county.
John B. Lord, Wake county.
Wm. F. Thomas, Davidson county.
Francis Fries, Forsythe county.
John M. Morehead, Guilford county.
John A. Gilmer, Guilford county.
William A. Graham, Orange county.
Benjamin Trullinger, Alamance county.
Rufus M. Saunders, Wake county.
A. J. De Rosset, Wilmington.
A. T. Jenkins, Newbern.

Committee on By-Laws.

J. M. Morehead, G. W. Mordecai,
P. J. Hill, H. C. Jones.
J. M. Leach.

The Chairman, Gov. Morehead, reported a series of By-Laws, which with several amendments was adopted. The leading features of the By-Laws are as follows:

Subsequent meetings of the Stockholders are to take place at Greensborough, Raleigh, and Salisbury alternately. First meeting on the first Thursday in July.

The Office of Secretary to be combined for the present with that of Treasurer.

Engineers and other agents, to be appointed by the Board of Directors at such prices for services as they may be able to agree upon.

These several provisions, and others less important, were discussed by Messrs. Hill, Mordecai, Leach, Jones, of Rowan, McDonald, Graham, Osborne, B.ylan, Boyden, Morehead, and Saunders. The chief matters in debate were salaries of the officers, and the limitation of the term of service of the Directors, the act of Assembly making it the duty of the Stockholders to prescribe the term not more than a year, during which the first set of Directors shall serve. The President's salary was fixed at twenty five hundred dollars, and his travelling expenses for journeys beyond the State on the business of the Company.

The Secretary and Treasurer gives bond in a sum of \$80,000, and receives a salary of \$1250. He is to deposit all the money of the Corporation in the State Bank at Raleigh and the Cape Fear Bank at Salisbury, and is not to hold in his hands in cash more than \$5000 at any one time. The mode of making contracts—of authenticating the same—of authenticating proxies—of conducting the business of the Company, are all provided for in the By-Laws.

A Resolution was offered by Mr. Gilmer, which was amended by Mr. Osborne, to the effect that, the assurances made by the several Conventions which sat at Salisbury, Greensborough, and Hillsborough, in regard to the payment of stock in work, and of giving preference to stockholders at equal and fair prices in letting of contracts for work, materials, &c., be recognized, and re-assented by this meeting; which after a full and free discussion was adopted.

A Resolution submitted by Mr. Coleman, of Cabarrus, ordering the route through Concord, Salisbury, Lexington, Greensborough and Hillsborough, to be surveyed, was adopted without opposition or debate.

The meeting after the usual vote of thanks to the officers, adjourned at a late hour on Friday evening.

MEETING OF THE DIRECTORS.

Subsequent to the adjournment of the Stockholders, the Directors held a meeting on

Friday night and Saturday, at which the following officers were appointed:

JOHN M. MOREHEAD, Pres't of the Com.
JOHN U. KIRKLAND, Sec'y and Treasurer.
MAJ. WALTER GWYNN, Chief Engineer.

These appointments are said to be good; we know Gov. Morehead, and we are satisfied none could be more acceptable to the whole country.

We learn too, that that of Engineer, upon whom so much rests, could not be bettered. Major Gwynn has been in the service of the State in draining the Swamp Lands, and otherwise employed for several years. He is well known to many citizens in the East and West, and has the confidence of the public in a remarkable degree. The Engineer is in fact, the umpire of all conflicting rights; and it was due to the State, which is not yet represented, that a man of tried ability and integrity should be chosen to this responsible post.

We learn that the Surveys will be commenced about the 15th of August, and be prosecuted vigorously. We learn that there will be three divisions of the corps, one of which will assemble at Salisbury.

Presidential Statistics.

Generals Harrison and Taylor the only two Presidents who died during the terms for which they were respectively elected.—General Taylor's case is peculiar in this respect, that it is the only death of a President which has occurred during the session of Congress. It is the only one, therefore, which has drawn around it all the imposing funeral ceremonies which the arrangements of Congress will gather around it; and it is, of course, the only case which has caused the installation of his Vice-Presidential successor to be witnessed and solemnized under the auspices of the senators and representatives of the people.

General Washington closed his administration on the 23d of March, 1797, and survived that event near three years, having died on the 14th of December, 1799, in the 68th year of his age.

John Adams followed General Washington on the 4th of March, 1797, and his administration ceased on the 3d of March 1801. He survived 25 years, as he breathed his last on the same day with Mr. Jefferson, viz: on the 4th of July, 1826.

Thomas J. R. succeeded on the 4th of March, 1801, and his two terms ceased on the 3d of March, 1809. He survived the expiration of his office 17 years, as he died on the 4th of July, 1826, in the 84th year of his age.

James Madison succeeded his illustrious friend on the 4th of March, 1809. On the 3d of March, 1817, his administration was brought to a close. He survived until the 28th of June, 1836, in the 86th year of his age.

James Monroe succeeded Mr. Madison on the 4th of March, 1817, and closed his administration on the 3d of March, 1825. He died on the 4th of July, 1831, in the 72d year of his age.

The administration of Mr. John Q. Adams, (the only President who was elected by the House of Representatives) commenced on the 4th of March, 1825, and closed on the 3d of March, 1829. He breathed his last on the 23d of February, 1848.

General Andrew Jackson succeeded Mr. Adams on the 4th of March, 1829, and closed his administration on the 3d of March, 1837. He died on the 8th of June, 1845.

Martin Van Buren succeeded on the 4th of March, 1837, and closed his administration on the 3d of March, 1841. He is still living.

General W. H. Harrison commenced his administration on the 4th of March, 1841, which continued only for one month—having breathed his last on the 4th of April, 1841, in the sixty ninth year of his age. He died at Washington during the recess of Congress.

John Tyler, was the first Vice President who succeeded to the presidency upon the death of the President. He followed General Harrison in April, 1841, and closed his administration on the 3d of March, 1845.—When Mr. Tyler became the acting President, Mr. Seward became the acting Vice President; and upon his death, Mr. Mangum, one of the present senators from North Carolina, was elected, and remained as the presiding officer of the Senate until the end of Mr. Tyler's term of office.

James K. Polk succeeded Mr. Tyler on the 4th of March, 1845, and closed his administration on the 3d of March, 1849. A few months after, he closed his eventful life.

General Taylor came to the presidency on the 4th of March, and expired on the night of the 9th of July, 1850, whilst Congress was in session.

He is succeeded by Millard Fillmore, the second Vice President, who takes the place of the deceased President. He has succeeded to office in the midst of a crisis which has never before occurred. Every friend to the country wishes him success in contributing his best and most earnest efforts towards adjusting all these questions, and giving peace to his distracted country.—Washington Union.

A Marrying Genius.

There is a man in the New York Penitentiary who has had twenty-seven wives. He is just 36 years of age, and has been engaged in the matrimonial business since he was sixteen, and has therefore had a new wife every seven months, getting rid of the old spouse and courting the new one *ad interim*. He declares he will have a hundred wives before he dies, if they do not cramp his genius with stone walls.